

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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WHY LIFE IS SWEET.

Because it cometh up, a heavenly flower,
Out of the earth—divinely sown therein—
To gather grace from shadow and from
shower,
And freshness of invisible worlds to win
Unto itself—not to be hoarded there,
But for the sweetening of the common air.

Because it breathes in and exhales God's
breath,

Its natural atmosphere, and so grows strong
To root itself amid decay and death,
And lifts its head above the poisonous
Wrong,

And, with far-reaching fibres, push apart
The noisome evils clutching at earth's heart.

It is not sweet, but bitter, sad, and vain,
Living in shows of what we are or do;
The after-taste of selfishness is pain;
In hearts that grovel, hope must grovel, too;
Ever our petty falsehoods deathward tend,
Leave us defeated, cheated of life's end.

It is not sweet to compass our low aim,
And sicken of it,—nor to trail the wing
In dust, whereon eternal dawn should flame;
Even love, sin-touched, is an unwhole-
some thing,
A growth reversed, blight clinging unto blight
Love, meant to hallow all things with its
light.

To live! to find our life in nobler lives,
Baptized with them in dews of holiness,
Strengthened, upraised, by every soul that
thrives

In the clear air of perfect righteousness,
And sheltering that which might for frailty
die,
When, with hot feet, the whirlwind rushes by!

Oh, sweet to live, to love, and to aspire!
To know that whatsoever we attain,
Beyond the utmost summit of desire,
Heights upon heights eternally remain,
To humble us, to lift us up, to show
Into what luminous deeps we onward go.

Because the Perfect, evermore postponed,
Yet ever beckoning, is our only goal;
Because the deathless Love that sits en-
throned

On changeless Truth, holds us in firm
control:
Because within God's heart our pulses beat—
Because His law is holy—life is sweet!

Because it is of Him—His infinite gift,
Lost, but restored by One who came to
share

His riches with our poverty, and lift
The human to the heavenly everywhere;
Because in Christ we breathe immortal breath,
Sweet, sweet is life! He hath abolished death!
—*Lucy Larcom.*

ENDLESS LIFE.

"God is not God of the dead, but of the living; for all are
alive to him."—LUKE XX. 38.

This is the only place in the Gospels where
we find anything like an argument for end-
less life of the human soul. In answer to a
question put to him by some Sadducees,
who maintained that there was no resurrec-
tion, Jesus quotes their most famous leader

as calling Jehovah "the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob," and then adds, "God is not God of the dead, but of the living; for all are alive to him." While God thinks of us we cannot die. Whatever change of form or place the circling years may bring to the body, to him the soul is alive because his thought imparts to it the eternal quality of the Divine Nature. "God is love," says the apostle nearest to the heart of Christ; and we know that what God loves he loves forever, for "love never fails." If God really loves us, he cannot forget us; and, therefore, we are always alive to him and may unhesitatingly trust ourselves and our dear ones to his tender care, both in this world and in the world to come.

This is the only reason Jesus gives for his hope of endless life. We need no other. The conviction that we are children of the ever-living God fills the mind so full of spiritual vitality as to exclude the idea of death as a finality, and it becomes only an incident in a continuous career, a mile-stone in the soul's eternal progress.

The spirit of truth and love incarnated in the Christ is the Christian ideal of manhood. This is the summit of the soul. His human life in Galilee has made all human life divine. It endows the soul with new dignity to feel that God is not only round about his children, but likewise within them, their abiding Guest, their Father. Thus a new hope is born—a hope full of immortality—whose foundation lies in Jesus' thought of the soul's filial relationship to God, that a common nature subsists between God and man. This is, no doubt, the almost universal belief about Jesus himself. Few will deny that he and the Father were one,—that he was in the Father, and the Father in him. But the essential principle of his religion is missed, unless we also see in his character the type or ideal of human attainment,—that he was "the first-born among many brethren," the beginning of a new order of manhood. He never spoke of himself as being different in nature from other men, but constantly identified himself with humanity as its representative; and there is nothing in his teaching more important, nothing more emphatic, than his conviction that all mankind might share with him the sublime idea of kinship to God, and the far-reaching consequences of human co-partnership with divinity. The Father, for example, is Spirit, and there is a spiritual essence in human nature; the Father is perfect, and the growth and progress of his sons and daughters are unlimited,—they may aspire to God-like

attainment and hope for infinite development; the Father's love is boundless and inexhaustible, and his children may become wholly unselfish and devoted to goodness and truth—and may learn to love God with all the heart, and show this love in never-failing service to the sick and needy; the Father dwelt in the soul of Jesus,—he likewise dwells in every pure heart. Jesus was the beloved son in whom the Father was well pleased, and the happiness of heaven will be incomplete so long as any lost child wanders from the Father's house or disregards the Father's will; the Father is eternal, and his offspring inherit his immortal nature.

You wondered, perhaps, when I was reading our morning lesson from the fifth chapter of John, what the great Teacher had in mind when he said, "As the Father has life in himself, even so has he given to the Son to have life in himself." But does not the meaning become plain now? If all are God's children, then the human soul is "the Son of God"; and Jesus, representing humanity, claimed for himself only what is likewise our inheritance from God; that is, if our spiritual nature actually comes from the same source as his, it also must be of divine substance and quality, and so must have within itself a fountain of eternal life. This is a conviction from which there is no escape if we really believe that God is our Father. For, if we partake at all of the spiritual ideals of Jesus, if we aspire at all to attain his spirit of truth and service, if we sympathize at all with his faith in God, we have in us something of the quality of being that constituted him the Son of God, and, therefore, we are fellow-heirs with him in the Father's immortal nature.

So long as Jesus is considered a unique being, a supernatural person, separated from all others by his peculiar relationship to God as the only begotten son, the spiritual quality of his nature gives no hope of immortality to the rest of mankind. But, when we regard him as unqualifiedly human in his nature and ideals,—that whatever else he might have been he was in all respects a man, made like his brethren, tempted as we are, living and dying as men do now,—then the hope of the continuous existence of all human souls shines out clear and strong in every part of his life and teaching. Then we see how his experiences illustrate the possibilities of human nature,—that we are or may become what he was; that, if Death had no power over him, we, too, shall escape its grasp. If its touch released his soul so that, clothed in the immortal robes of the spirit he rose to the higher world from which he

now reigns as King and Saviour, then, when we lay aside these earthly bodies, we also shall rise into higher life, and join with him in the glorious work of helping and blessing those who are left behind.

Various reasons may be given for doubting the soul's immortality. Some students of material facts and laws insist that, as it is impossible to prove it scientifically, it cannot be true. But many an unquestioned truth of the spiritual world cannot be demonstrated to the physical senses. The most real thing in human experience is the power of love. And yet it cannot be proved, by any known scientific method, to a person who has never felt its uplifting, inspiring, life-giving influence. Spiritual things must be discerned by spiritual insight. An unspiritual person cannot understand them. To him they are mere folly,—"such stuff as dreams are made of." Materialists can apprehend nothing beyond the grasp of the physical senses. To them the idea of a living God imparting his immortal nature to the human soul is absurd. So they seek to explain the universal hope of immortality as the instinct of self-preservation, a subtle form of self-love, the last refinement in the struggle for existence.

Everywhere there are men who seem to be entirely satisfied with the limitations of this life, and are therefore perfectly willing to fling away the hope of the ages as an empty and foolish expectation. It may be even true, as some writers maintain, that the number of such persons is larger now than at any time in the past, and is increasing rapidly in spite of the far-extended and constantly growing influence of the Church. It is likewise true, however, that thinking people on both sides of the Atlantic were never so much interested as at present in the study of soul-life and soul-power. What was formerly taken for granted is now the subject of intelligent investigation and profound thought. Such research and reflection are bound to produce doubt in many minds. But, notwithstanding the likelihood that the traditional or inherited faith of multitudes will thus become unsettled, there is not the slightest reason to fear for the final result. At length the truth will prevail and the everlasting verities of religion be established more firmly than ever before.

But, in spite of all exceptions, past or present, the hope of immortality has always been so universal that it may properly be regarded as an instinct of the soul. Jesus seemed to recognize it as such, since he always assumed that the people to whom

he talked had no other expectation than that of continuous life in the world to come. Moreover, he made use of it, and built upon it, as being the true view of human nature. As he did not attempt to destroy the ancient religion of his people, but fulfilled its sanctions by introducing higher ideals of faith and duty, so he used this sublime hope of the soul to give dignity and worth to our present life. The soul is the life: the life is the soul. He used the same word for both. Our life here is a plan of God. The soul is here to be educated for a higher sphere of activity. If we have heaven within us here, we shall enjoy its happiness hereafter. Heaven comes into us, therefore: we do not go into it. The question is not, Shall we live after death? but, Are we alive now? If we really live now, if the soul is alive here with generous love, high ambition, undaunted faith and hope, it has eternal life already abiding in its very being. More than this: all that we can take with us into the next world is the character and capacity which these spiritual qualities and ideal aspirations have evolved in the soul.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant:
More life, and fuller, that we want."

Now we see that underneath everything else the foundation of Jesus' hope of endless life for all mankind rests on the fact that the human soul is built on this plan. And should we not, therefore, cherish this hope as one of the endowments we have received from our Father's hand, and not foolishly throw it aside as an outgrown superstition, or a survival from a lower order of development which ought to be left behind in the evolution of more perfect manhood? Then, too, besides the example of Jesus, experience teaches that, with fuller knowledge of the nature and possibilities of the soul and higher attainment in Christ-like character, the idea of immortality grows clearer and stronger until it becomes an overpowering conviction of the heart, a mighty principle of life, an enduring element in the development and progress of the individual and of the race.

When a man is so completely occupied with the affairs of business or pleasure as to neglect his duty to his fellow-men, devoting his time and means entirely to his own success and enjoyment, his belief in immortality gradually fades out till it seems

nothing more than a dream of his childhood. And with this the soul within him appears to die even while the body is still alive. Thus the body, that should be the means of developing soul-power, becomes a grave in which the divine possibilities of manhood lie buried. Maybe this is what the apostle meant when he said, "To be carnally-minded is death." It is to be dead to the ideal impulses of our spiritual nature. And there must be a resurrection from the dead, by coming to one's self, and returning to Jesus' idea of kinship to God and the solemn obligation this implies to be worthy of our divine origin and destiny, before there can be any abiding hope of endless life or of the continuous development of the soul.

On the other hand the more one lives in the ideal world of truth, goodness, and beauty, the more thoroughly he puts in practice the Christian graces of self-control, gentleness, trustfulness, and kindliness, the stronger becomes his confidence in eternal life and endless opportunity for growth and knowledge and service. Every generous impulse to which we yield, every effort we make to be faithful in duty and obedient to the inner light, every aspiration for ideal attainment, every prayer for spiritual progress and the victory of good over evil, puts us in communication with the invisible world of divine power and truth and love, makes us more conscious of the spirit's presence at all times and in every place, and causes the spiritual element in our nature to become more and more real to thought and feeling.

Much of current doubt and vagueness regarding immortality is due to superficial and indefinite thinking about God and our relationship to him. In place of the heavenly Father that Jesus loved, to whom he prayed, whose will he obeyed, by whose power he did his work and spoke his word, there is coming into vogue a more or less vaguely defined notion that God is merely a personification of nature's laws, or an impersonal force behind those laws. But, if God is not the Father of our spirits, if by communion and loving trust and service we cannot come into personal relations with him, then there is no real basis for a rational hope of endless life, and it is only a question of time when this hope will have died out of the soul.

There is, however, no danger of this result. God never allows the eternal principles of religion that have lifted his children to high ideal attainment and spiritual development to fade from human consciousness. And, if we earnestly cultivate faith in him as our Father, we shall become as sure

that his life animates our soul, beats in our heart, and inspires our mind, as we are of any fact of outward nature; and, with this conviction, the hope of endless life will well up within us, and grow so real and strong that the thought of death will disappear entirely from our mind, and our heart will feel only the touch and thrill of life.

Therefore let us remember these words of the Christ, and make them our comfort and inspiration: "God is not God of the dead, but of the living; for all are alive to him."—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,

And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,

That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,

And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!

There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,

And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!

Thou ever livest, and thou changest never,
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

The Fatherhood of God is the sublimest revelation of Christianity. The soul's cry is for a Father, and it will find no peace till it rests in a Father's arms. The Great Spirit is in living communion with our souls. Do we know Him? Do we listen for His voice and expect to hear? The presence of God is too near to be seen, too interior for the senses to lay hold on; but it must be felt in the soul as the centre of its life. Our Father! He is the sun round which all our Christian doctrines revolve. Its golden

beams stream all through Christ's teachings. Do we value as we should the early thought of God as it first breaks in on a pure child's mind, and consider how that thought is often the pole-star that shapes his course round the world? Love God as your Father. He loves you. Let His love awaken yours. The essence of the Infinite One the finite mind cannot fathom. But when we say, Our Father, He comes forth out of the mystery of mysteries and speaks to our hearts and bids us aim at the highest conceivable ideal,—an ideal that will always be above, rising in endless spirals higher, higher, higher!—W. P. Tilden, "*Leaflets for Lent*."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Miss Katharine H. Andrews, 41 Wren Street, West Roxbury, Mass., offers: "All's Well that Ends Well," Rolfe edition; "The Taming of the Shrew"; "Tragedy of Macbeth"; "Hamlet," Sprague; "As You Like It"; "Hamlet," Thurber; "Merchant of Venice," Hudson & Lamb. This last is under the head of Classics for Children.

For the following books address Miss Cora A. Tilden, 63 Maple Street, Milton, Mass.: "Undine and Sintram"; "Crown of Wild Olive," Ruskin; "Bird Notes"; "Window in Thrums," Barrie; "Three Heroines of New England Romance"; "The Cedar Star"; "Sermons for the Church," C. D. Bradlee; "Donald Grant," MacDonald; "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," Ewing; "Lalla Rookh"; "Bitter Sweet," Holland; "Hymns of the Ages"; "The Garland of Poetry and Prose"; "Mabel Martin," Whittier.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

In order that we may be in closer touch

with our young people, will the mothers send the names and ages of the children in their families to the Book Club secretary, Mrs. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.?

1. Current numbers of *McCall's Magazine* will be appreciated by Mrs. W. W. Bassett, Preston, Virginia.

2. Mrs. Addie F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine, a widow with one daughter, eighteen years of age, and both invalids, the mother specially so, will be very grateful and would appreciate any reading or a letter.

3. Belle Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan, a girl of fifteen, will be glad of a story.

4. Eva Beach, Lamoni, Iowa, Liberty Home, asks for "Natural Philosophy," German Reader, and "Tennyson's Poems."

5. It has been a long time since I have written to you, or heard from any of my old Cheerful Letter friends. I still get the *Cheerful Letter*, and am so thankful for it. I enjoy it so much. I would like to have some reading. This is a little railroad village, and so many here that would like good reading, but are too poor to buy it. One family I am especially interested in; there are thirteen in family; the father is all drawn, perfectly helpless with rheumatism. He is a bright, intelligent man, and so cheerful with all his afflictions. They are very poor and very fond of reading. I have been taking them what I have. Would like to have more to pass on. Hope I will be remembered, as I have not asked for anything in a long time. Yours most sincerely, with many thanks for past favors in sending me reading, Miss Virginia A. Taylor, Aqua, Rockbridge County, Virginia.

6. I wish to thank you all for the nice reading sent to me. Will some one kindly send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* after they have read it? and will your kind people send letters and good reading to Mrs. Sallie M. Ogle, Barren Spring, Virginia. She lives a lonely life. Her husband was sent to Marrien Asylum some few years ago. If ever any one needs good cheer, Mrs. Ogle surely does. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Critz, Virginia.

7. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Monroe, Virginia, Route 1, asks for a dictionary, any pictures, or story books for her little children.

8. Mrs. G. W. Burford, Naola, Virginia,

asks for *Ladies' Home Journal* and a magazine for her husband.

9. I desire to thank all who have sent me books, papers, and magazines during past six months. I enjoy everything sent, most especially "In His Steps," sent by Mrs. Ella Gilman. And, if it is not asking too much, I would like to receive the book entitled Meyer's "Future Tenses," and "Bob Burton." Thank you all again and may God bless and guide this good work. Mrs. Susie D. Smith, Yates Centre, Kansas.

10. "Maid of Burgundy" and "Lena Rivers" are asked for by Mrs. Ida L. Latson, Olympia, Washington.

11. J. Orlando Yount, New Maysville, Pennsylvania, a young man in poor health, will be grateful for any books or magazines. He would especially like the *Christian Herald*.

12. Miss Mabel Peake, Holladay, Virginia, asks for *Woman's Home Companion* or *Ladies' World* or a book.

13. *Ladies' Home Journal* will be enjoyed by Mrs. A. T. Henderson, Verona, North Carolina.

14. Katie E. Shepherd, Sandidges, Virginia, asks for *Pictorial Review*, *McCall's Magazine* and June, 1910, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and August, 1910, *Woman's Home Companion*.

15. Mrs. Florence T. Walker, Sonoma, California, R. F. D., living out in the country on a chicken ranch, where she will pass all reading on, will be grateful for *Ladies' Home Journal* since July, 1910, and for this year, or the *Delineator*. She would also like the *Flyaway* books by Sophie May or any of Annie Fellows Johnstone's stories for children.

16. I wish to thank all who have been sending me literature. I would be very glad if some one would send me some of the following books: "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," "Risen from the Ranks," "Ivanhoe," "Macaria." I should like to get cards from some one. (Miss) Victoria Luck, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 93.

17. I am a girl of fifteen and would be very glad to receive some of your books, "Mary Ware in Texas" or "Elsie at Rose-land." My mother Mrs. C. R. Buckley,

would be very glad to receive "Good House-keeping." Ida L. Buckley, Arlington, Tennessee.

18. I have long wanted to thank the *Cheerful Letter* for all the pleasures you have brought me. The request for letters has been the means of making two friends. We correspond and feel like we had known each other for years, though we have never seen each other. Many other letters have come also, and any one who is confined to the house as I am can realize the pleasures they bring. I should be so glad of post-cards of public libraries. My mother is also an invalid, and a more patient sufferer could not be found: she is sadly afflicted bodily. We are great readers, and, as she especially is a swift one, it seems as though we are everlastingly out of reading. Once more let me say how very, very grateful I am to the *Cheerful Letter* and all it has brought us. Your sincere well-wisher, Abbie E. Farnsworth, 327 North D Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

19. I wish to thank you for all the lovely cards, stereoscope views, and books. I am not a *shut in* as an invalid is called, for I am always at work, but live on a small island and am always *on the island*, so in one sense I am a "shut in." One can hardly realize there are such beautiful places in the world by reading about them; but, when they can sit down and look at them through a stereoscope and imagine themselves there as I do, then it becomes a reality. I have written to several that sent me their names and address, but nearly all come without the address, so I must take this way of thanking them. Mrs. H. D. Brainerd, Captiva, Lee County, Florida.

20. Mrs. Minnie Perkins, Olympia, Wash., will be glad of any reading for herself and little homeless boy of twelve who is staying with her.

21. Mary Steele, Long Island, Kansas, Route 3, asks for "History of England," dictionary, "Ben Hur," "Richard Carvel," or any good book.

22. Mrs. Emma Miner, now at Pasadena, California, R. D. 2, Box 18, would dearly love to see the *Cheerful Letter* again, and to have reading matter which she can use among the children and people.

23. Mrs. Eugenia Palmer, Larue, Texas, will be glad of *Cheerful Letter* and reading which she will pass on.

24. Mrs. John H. Woods, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, a lonely shut-in, will be very grateful for any reading sent.

25. Mrs. Robert Loring, Perry, Maine, R. F. D. 2 (formerly Miss Amy Kirby), would especially like current numbers of some magazine or stories for a child of eight years.

26. Benjamin M. Lee, Welton, Arizona, asks for anything to break the monotony of desert life.

27. Mrs. B. F. Smith, Mountain View, Oklahoma, is now in ill health and would appreciate *Youth's Companion*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or any paper with fancy work and household departments.

28. I am unable to write only as I can get others to do it for me, but would be so glad to receive reading matter as I am a shut-in from the world, see very few people, and get very, very lonely. I shall greatly appreciate any book sent. Miss Kate A. Wirick, Lloyd, Jefferson County, Florida.

29. Miss Flora Staples, Elnora, Indiana, a helpless invalid, asks for a post-card shower on her birthday, April 10.

30. Mrs. L. H. Davis, Big Island, Virginia, a complete shut-in, with no means to buy reading, will be glad to be remembered with any reading or even a card.

31. Master L. E. Robbins, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, asks for "Pilgrim's Progress."

32. Mrs. R. H. Cook, 338 Gorrell Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, will be glad of music for her girls, who are specially interested in instrumental music.

33. Mrs. George Pierce, Weatherford, Texas, writes: "The *Cheerful Letter* has been such a comfort and pleasure to us. Nellie [her daughter] is a constant sufferer from throat trouble, and will enjoy any books or magazine sent her, and will answer letters."

34. Mrs. Helen Moore, Spruce Head, Maine, White Head Light Station, will be glad of reading and letters.

35. Mrs. Sarah B. Thornton, Bethany, Nebraska, having just moved to a new town, will be glad of any reading to make the days less lonely.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Mary Lowder, formerly New London, is now at Albemarle, North Carolina, R. F. D. 4, Box 8.

Notice.

Will all who are sending current magazines, that have *not* notified Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass., please do so, in order that one person may not receive duplicates, while some one equally deserving goes without.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN GIRL.

II.

Try the novel experiment of listening with actual interest to older people. Yes, I realize that many of them are little worth listening to, but I would humbly inquire whether you are not on the way toward being a stupid bore yourself some day. As a matter of fact most older persons can be decidedly interesting to you if you are only willing to be interested yourself.

Don't calmly contradict men and women whose ripe experience and knowledge of life would make your raw theories seem like a little green apple compared with a mellow and perfect fruit. Don't be snippy. If you knew how ridiculous you look in the act of snubbing your elders, you would hide your diminished head.

Do you ask how you may become well bred? That is a hard question to answer in so many words. The very term itself implies that it must come with training. Perhaps the most helpful beginning would be to find some one who can serve you as a sort of model. Women of charm and distinction are, unfortunately, few; but it must be a poor society indeed where at least one woman of grace and refinement cannot be found.

Having decided upon one woman,—there may be more if you are lucky,—study her: try to discover what constitutes her charm and what are her blemishes. Mind! I said to let your charming woman serve as a "sort" of model. Do not slavishly copy tones, gesture, dress. It is only something of her spirit that you are to try to catch. For there are two rules which, if you will follow them, will do more for you than even your model can. You will find that she is your model because she followed these rules herself.

The first is, "Think about others, not about yourself"; and the second—is the same.

The first one means to think about others

in the sense of being considerate of them. The second one means just think about them. If you want a magic key to unlock for you the door to popularity, to happiness, to being interested and interesting, seize upon those six simple words and pin your faith to them, "Think about others, not about yourselves." Just watch yourself for a while and see how constantly one subject absorbs your thoughts. And that subject is Yourself!—your clothes, your appearance, your feelings, your likes, your tight shoes, your invitation to the football game—or your failure to receive one.

I know it is hard to prevent one's mind keeping open house on the subject of one's self. I know girls whose minds are never open to anything else. And the funny part of it is some of these girls wonder why they are not more popular.

As for other rules for becoming well bred, you need bother with very few, if only you will follow the one of six words just given. The rest are much more simple.

First, cultivate an agreeable voice. It won't be hard. Six months of serious effort on the part of every girl who reads this article would make this country and Europe draw sighs of happy relief.

Second, take a vow that you will never again make yourself ridiculous by going to absurd extremes in fashion.

And, finally, be polite! Be polite, no matter to whom and no matter what happens! Be polite to everybody, but reserve a special brand of charming deference for use toward older persons with whom you come in contact.

Follow these few rules, take a good look every little while at your model, and I leave it to anybody, man or woman, young or old, American or European, your mother or your sweetheart's mother, whether the result won't deserve to be called "the American Princess." And I promise you further that American men will once more adore you as they once did, but do no longer.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE TREE SWALLOW.

This bird, known also as the White-bellied Swallow, may be easily distinguished from his brethren by his dark back, lustrous with glints of metallic blue and green, and his pure white underparts that extend quite up to the bill,—a white marking so precise that the dark head marking, at a short distance, looks like a cap pulled low. The tail

is bluntly forked, while the sharp-pointed wings exceed it in length, this being very noticeable when the bird is at rest upon the wayside telegraph wires, his favorite post of vantage.

If the sight of the Barn Swallow arranging his stucco-work home on the rafters is one of the signs of coming summer in the real country, so the April return of the Tree Swallow is one of the first authentic signs of spring; for, being an insect-eater, it cannot live until winged insect life abounds. The Phœbe, also a feeder upon winged insects, comes in March, it is true, but, locating as it does about barnyards and out-buildings, where manure is stored, it is more sure of its food supply than the Tree Swallow, who naturally belongs to the remoter regions of wooded pond edges where the frost lingers.

Time was when the Tree Swallow was evenly distributed through its range, which extends in the north-east as far as Alaska, and could be found nesting in the major part of it; but now it has become much localized as a summer resident, on account of the difficulty of finding suitable nesting-places. Like the Bluebirds and Woodpeckers, this Swallow's natural home is a tree-hole, and, as land comes under cultivation, the hollow trees quickly disappear, except in swampy regions, where the inaccessibility as well as the half-rotten condition of the timber has saved it.

In many places, the Tree Swallow, like the Purple Martin, will adapt itself to a bird-box, artificial hollow in a post, or even a hollow gourd, such as may be found in the south, suspended for the Martins. But, unlike this latter bird or the Barn Swallow, the Tree Swallow does not seem to be gregarious, to any great extent, in the nesting season. The coming of the English Sparrow has been as disastrous to the semi-domesticated Tree Swallow as to the Martins and Bluebirds, so that those who clung to their old haunts and adapted themselves to new conditions have been obliged to shift ground, and hereabout I have only known of one pair nesting during the past five years.

The nest, or rather hole-lining, is made of dried grass and a few feathers, put together without the plaster used by the Barn Swallow, and the half-dozen eggs are paper-white like those of the Woodpeckers. This total absence of color in the eggs of some notable tree trunk nesters is one of the arguments used by the holders of the color-protection theory: being in a hole, the eggs do not need the protection of color to conceal them.

The Tree Swallow is a notable insect-

eater and has many attractive domestic habits; it is not in the nesting season, but in the long period of the fall migration, that we are the most familiar with it. Indeed, this event, spread as it is from July to late October, is one of the great spectacular features of bird life; for, though the large flocks are made up of both Barn and Bank and Cliff Swallows, the Tree Swallows are greatly in the majority.

By day these Swallows skim over the meadows and country at large with a wide circling flight, easy to distinguish from the more angular course of the Barn Swallow. Toward night they gather either in the marsh reeds or in the low bushes of some region of ponds, or the back-water of rivers, where they roost, coming forth again in clouds at dawn.

This fact, that during the migration Swallows invariably roost near water, gave rise to the absurd old idea that they dive into the water and spend the winter in the muddy bottom in a state of hibernation. From roosting in the bushes on the sandy bars above marshes and along creeks where the bayberry (*Myrica cerifera*) is common, the Tree Swallow, kept in cover by storms, was doubtless driven by necessity to feed upon the waxy bayberries; for certain it is that this berry is the one exception to its insectivorous diet. Miss Lemmon has told in *Bird-lore* of one of these flockings at Englewood, N.J. :—

"On Oct. 3, 1899, my attention was called to a huge flock of Tree Swallows about a quarter of a mile from my home. These birds are abundant here from July to October, but on this occasion at least 2,000—estimating from photographs and from the counting of the live birds—were collected on the telegraph wires and in the adjoining fields, and not a single specimen of any other species could be found in the flock.

"On the wires were hundreds at a time, crowded together between three poles; they seemed to have lost their usual fear of man, remaining even when carriages went under them, and not always starting up when the wires were struck by a stone, a temptation to throw which the passing small boys found it impossible to resist.

"Beside the road is a small brook with two or three exposed pools, and here was a great oval whirl of birds, all going in the same direction, each in passing dipping for a drink, then rising to retake its place in the line. Now and then some returned to the wires or others joined the drinkers, but the numbers were so great that a collision seemed unavoidable.

"A large part of the flock had settled in a pasture some distance away, in so close a group that they made a spot of blue on the short grass. Crossing over to these I found them quietly enjoying the sunlight, and, as I approached from the south-west, all had their backs toward me, showing to perfection the beautiful steel blue of the feathers. Most of the time they were still, though now and then one undertook to walk a few inches, if, indeed, such a ridiculous hobble could be called a walk. But forty feet was near enough for a person; then those nearest me rose, and, passing over the others, alighted in front of them, and so they moved regularly on before me.

Some of this portion of the flock were on a wire fence near at hand; a very small proportion, though over one hundred, were on a single wire between five posts, and these were so fearless that, when the last one flew, I was but two steps away.

"Four or five times during an hour and a half the birds on the telegraph wires rose in a body, with those drinking at the brook, while the flock from the pasture hurriedly crossed the intervening fields to join them. For a moment the very air seemed full of Swallows; then, rising higher, they separated into smaller flocks, turning back and forth, meeting again, describing curious figures as smoothly and easily as if going through a long-practiced drill. After a few minutes they either returned, a few at a time, to their former perches or gradually scattered over the fields and woods, and in a little while came streaming back, a long river of Swallows, to alight once more.

"As the morning advanced their numbers gradually diminished, and at 3 P.M. about thirty remained. For three or four days after that these Swallows were present in great numbers, continuing their drill, after which I noticed no more than usual."

The Tree Swallow not only comes earlier and stays longer with us than any one of the clan, but it is the only one of the family to winter in the United States, from South Carolina and Southern California to the tropics. By its hardihood it is exposed to the danger of starvation when a sudden drop in the temperature not only impairs its vitality but cuts off its food supply. Of one of these tragic incidents Mrs. Slosson tells us,—for with these seeming careless birds of passage, as with ourselves, it is not always either summer or good living:—

"The cold wave reached us at Miami, on Biscayne Bay, Fla., in the night of February 12, 1899. It was preceded by severe thunder storms in the evening. On the 13th,

Monday, it was very cold all over the State, with snow and sleet as far south as Ormond and Titusville. Our thermometers at Miami ranged from 36° to 40° during the day. As I sat in my room at the hotel, about four in the afternoon, I saw a bird outside my window, then another and another, and soon the air seemed full of wings.

"Opening my window to see what the visitor could be, I found they were Tree Swallows. Several flew into my room, others clustered on the window-ledge, huddling closely together for warmth. There were hundreds of them about the house seeking shelter and warmth. They crept in behind the window blinds, came into open windows, huddled together by dozens on cornices and sills. They were quite fearless: once I held my hand outside and two of them lighted on its palm and sat there quietly. As it grew dark and colder, their numbers increased. They flew about the halls and perched in corners, and the whole house was alive with them. Few of the guests in the hotels knew what they were: some even called them 'bats,' and were afraid they might fly into their faces or become entangled in their hair. One man informed those about him that they were Humming Birds, 'the large kind, you know'; but all were full of sympathy for the beautiful little creatures, out in the cold and darkness. A few were taken indoors and sheltered through the night, but 'what were these among so many'?"

"That next morning the sun shone brightly, though the weather was still very cold—the mercury had fallen below 30° during the night. But, as I raised the shade of one of my eastern windows, I saw a half-dozen of the Swallows sitting upon the ledge in the sunshine, while the air seemed again filled with flashing wings. I was so relieved and glad. Surely the tiny creatures, with their tints of steely blue or shining green contrasting with the pure white of the under parts, were more hardy than I had feared. But, alas! it was but a remnant that escaped. Hundreds were found dead. Men were sent out with baskets to gather the limp little bodies from piazzas, window ledges, and copings. It was a pitiful sight for St. Valentine's Day, when, as the old song has it, 'The birds are all choosing their mates.'"

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.

When does the Tree Swallow reach your vicinity in the spring? Does it remain during the summer? If not, when does it return in the fall? When is it last seen? What is the range of the Tree Swallow?

On what does it feed? What is the character of its nest? Describe its eggs. What other Swallows are found in North America?
Mabel Osgood Wright.

BIBLE NOTES.

THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

(1) When the priests are before Pilate, they shrink from entering into the Praetorium, lest they should be defiled, and so be unable to eat the Passover (John xviii. 28). The impression, *prima facie*, left by John's Gospel is that our Lord's death coincided with the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb: that left by the Three is that the Paschal lamb had been sacrificed the previous evening.

(2) The difference has been regarded by many critics as altogether unreconcilable, and conclusions have been drawn from it unfavorable to the authority of one or both the narratives. Those who look on the Gospel of John as the work of a writer of the second century see in this discrepancy a desire to give a sanction to the local usage of the Church of Ephesus, or to force upon his readers, as in his relation of "a bone of Him shall not be broken" (John xix. 36), the correspondence between the Passover and the death of Christ. Those who accept the Gospel as John's wholly or in part see in his narrative a correction, designed or undesigned, of the narrative of the Three, and look on that narrative accordingly as more or less untrustworthy. Some even of those who shrink from these conclusions have been content to rest in the conviction that we have no adequate *data* for the solution of the problem.

(3) The day of the crucifixion is described by all four evangelists as "the preparation," which it is assumed must mean "the preparation for the Passover."* In John (xix. 14) it is definitely spoken of as "the preparation of the Passover."

(4) (a) The narrative of the first Three Gospels, probably independent of each other, represents, on any assumption, the wide-spread tradition of the churches of Judæa, of Syria, and of Asia, of Matthew, Peter, and Paul. It is antecedently improbable that that tradition could have been wrong in so material a fact. (b) The Fourth Gospel, whether by John or a later writer, must, on any assumption, have been written when that tradition had obtained possession of well-nigh all the churches. It is

* Commentators have at last seen that this word "preparation" means the preparation for Sabbath; i.e., Friday.

antecedently impossible either that such a writer should contradict the tradition without knowing that he did so, or that, if he knew it, he should do so silently and without stating that his version of the facts was more accurate than that commonly received. It is at least a probable explanation of his omitting to narrate the institution of the Lord's Supper that the record of that institution was recited whenever the disciples met to break bread at Ephesus as elsewhere (1 Cor. xi. 23-26), and that he felt, therefore, that it was better to record what others had left untold than to repeat that with which men were already familiar. If he was not conscious of any contradiction, then his mode of narrating, simply and without emphasis noting facts as they occurred, was natural enough.

(5) It remains to be seen whether there is, after all, any real discrepancy. Let us picture to ourselves, assuming for a time that the Last Supper was the Paschal meal, what was passing in Jerusalem on the afternoon of that 14th of Nisan. The Passover lamb was, according to the law (Ex. xii. 6; Lev. xxiii. 5; Num. ix. 3, 5), to be slain "between the two evenings." The meaning of the formula is not certain. If, as some have supposed, it meant between the evening of the 14th and that of the 15th of Nisan, it gives a space of twenty-four hours within which the lamb might be slain and eaten, and then the whole apparent contradiction between the two narratives disappears. It was open to the disciples to eat their Passover on the 14th of Nisan, to the priests to eat theirs on the 15th. The occurrence, however, of the same expression in the rules as to the daily evening sacrifice (Ex. xxix. 39, 41; Num. xxviii. 4) excludes this interpretation, and it seems more probable that it covered the period that preceded and followed the setting of the sun (Compare Deut. vi. 2). Looking to the prominence given to the ninth hour (3 P.M.), by the connection with the evening sacrifice and prayer (Acts iii. 1), it would be probable enough that the slaughter of the Paschal lambs would begin at that hour, and this conclusion is expressly confirmed by Josephus, who states that they were slain from the ninth to the eleventh hour; *i.e.*, from 3 to 5 P.M. (Wars, vi. 9, sec. 3). It is clear, however, that the process would take up the whole of that time, and would tend to stretch beyond it. Josephus (*ut supra*) reckons the number of lambs that had to be sacrificed at 270,000. Some were certain to begin their Paschal meal two hours before the others.—(*To be Continued.*)

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

FLOWER CONUNDRUMS.

1. What did the bull do in the woman's china shop?
2. What did the man on the ice do to his nose?
3. What facial characteristics have we all?
4. What do the married men miss?
5. What followed the tax on tea?
6. What is a popular girl who cannot go to a ball?

II.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

O	N	U	E	O	L	H	E	E	N
M	B	L	V	I	E	T	P	M	O
M	O	C	T	N	I	T	A	E	N
P	I	T	H	J	K	I	W	O	A
L	U	P	E	A	C	C	A	O	D

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of four flowers that bloom in the early spring may be spelled.

III.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In bass, but not in cod.
 In lead, but not in copper.
 In oxygen, but not in nitrogen.
 In oriole, but not in jay.
 In daffodil, but not in aster.
 In record, but not in account.
 In oar, but not in rudder.
 In orange, but not in green.
 In tent, but not in cabin.
 My *whole* gives the names of two early spring flowers.

Answers to puzzles in the March number.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Andrew.

II. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—Daniel Webster.

III. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—I. John Car-

ver. 2. John Winthrop. 3. Rufus Choate.
4. Olive Otis Howard. 5. Adlai E. Stevenson.

IV. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Wilkie Collins. 2. Benedict Arnold. 3. Martin Luther. 4. Ulysses S. Grant. 5. Charles Darwin.

V. HIDDEN NAMES OF BIBLE WOMEN.—
1. Martha. 2. Eve. 3. Mary. 4. Anna.
5. Ruth. 6. Lydia.

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

APRIL: ARCTURUS.

Early in the evening in March another bright star may be seen, rising a little north of east, which is among the choicest of the heavenly bodies. This is Arcturus. To find it, begin at the end of the handle of the Big Dipper, and, following the curve of the handle, extend a line about thirty degrees or until you come to the first brilliantly shining star.

Arcturus rises the first of March, about eight o'clock in the evening, and at the beginning of April the star rises just as the sun sets. This is really the month of its greatest glory.

Arcturus is so far away that, with the unthinkable speed of light, more than a hundred years must be required for it to come from Arcturus to us.

Arcturus requires about fourteen and a half hours for it to complete its journey from rising to setting.

It is in the constellation Bootes, or the Herdsman.—“*The Friendly Stars*,” *Martha Evans Martin*.

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